

not the woman seeking to buy eyeglasses, who has been accounted for. The second woman had not appeared in the police accounts of the case before, and the detectives are eager to learn her part in it.

Merrell and Gately had been arrested at Seventh avenue and Fifty-second street by Detectives Duggan, O'Farrell and Fife of the Central Office. PICTURES NOT THOSE OF MEN WANTED.

After the prisoners had been taken to Headquarters, Lieut. Mannion communicated with Acting Captain Clark, Inspector Hughes and Clark told Mannion that pictures of Merrell and Gately had been shown to witnesses of the murder and that neither of the men was wanted in connection with the case. Then Flaherty was summoned and Merrell and Gately were allowed to go.

Merrell, according to the police, was arrested more than two years ago charged with assaulting and robbing William Kent at No. 67 St. Nicholas avenue on Dec. 1, 1908. Kent was required to control the policy playing in the city, and one night a gang of men broke into his apartment.

**WOODRUFF ASKED TO GET OUT BY 14 DISTRICT LEADERS**

Kings County Republicans Give Him 24 Hours When He Objects.

Fourteen Republican district leaders of Kings County made a peremptory demand on Timothy L. Woodruff today that he withdraw his claims to leadership of the county, a position he has held for four years. Mr. Woodruff declined to retire in the manner demanded and was given twenty-four hours in which to think over his long years of varying service to his party in Brooklyn.

With Woodruff the new element of the Kings County Republicans, led by Naval Officer Kraus, Congressman Calder and Michael J. Dady, also demanded the head of Jacob Brenner, chairman of the Executive Committee. Brenner decided to follow his chief's example and defied the leaders to quit him.

It was explained to Mr. Woodruff, when he made a counter proposal, which was virtually a bid for time, that there was nothing personal in the demand of the fourteen leaders. It was simply Mr. Woodruff's long career, as director, manager, president and promoter of some fifty-seven varieties of enterprises that convinced the leaders that his time was entirely absorbed in the business world, and that he had no time to devote to the critical political situation in Kings County.

Mr. Woodruff proposed that the question of leadership be vested in the executive committee, as has always been the case. This the leaders objected to, saying they wanted action at once. It is said to be the intention of the Kings County revolutionaries to place the affairs of the party in the hands of twenty-five prominent Republicans there and to select as leader the member of the executive committee who accomplishes the most for the party.

When the proposal was made known to Mr. Woodruff he asked to be excused a moment while he went outside and indulged himself in hearty laughter.

**TRIES TO BURN BEARD OF FUNERAL EULOGIST.**

Rowdy Plucks and Smears Aged Mourner's Whiskers and Is Attacked With Match Lighted.

Awaiting the beginning of the funeral of Benjamin Seligman at No. 1230 Washington avenue, Bronx, venerable Abraham Gordon of No. 1251 Washington avenue, a lifelong friend of Seligman, stood on the steps and told the virtues of the dead man.

Glenn Lennett, nineteen years old, of No. 1219 Washington avenue, was passing. Abraham Gordon's long white beard excited his loud derision. He pulled it, saying: "Why don't you let it grow on it?"

The old man raised his cane. Lennett took a double handful of mortar from a pile at the curb and threw it into the beard. The old man snatched his cane and struck Lennett on the forehead and lighted a match to burn the beard.

Other mourners attacked Gordon's tormentor. Gordon was struck heavily on the eye and knocked down. Policeman O'Neill arrested Lennett. Magistrate Herman in Morrisania Court sent him to the workhouse for six months.

**MT. M'KINLEY HER GOAL.**

PHILADELPHIA, July 26.—Miss Dora Keen, daughter of Dr. W. W. Keen, the widely-known surgeon, is equipping an expedition to attempt the ascent of Mount McKinley, in Alaska, a feat Dr. Keen claimed to have performed. She now is at Seward, where the expedition is sitting out.

Miss Keen has with her three Swiss guides that she brought to America to assist her, and will have a number of Alaskans who participated in some of the previous attempts of others.

**"Oh, You Darling Mr. Cupid!"**

He "wings" the three charming daughters of Grenville Kane, one after the other, in the brief months of Spring.

SEE NEXT Sunday's World.

## GIRLS SEE MAN KILLED UNDER AUTO ON NEW SPEEDWAY

Charles Hirsch Was Repairing Broken Wheel When Another Car Hit Him.

CRASH IN DARKNESS.

The Lights of Third Machine Blinded Driver, Who Was Also Injured.

Stopping underneath his touring car, which had lost its rear hind wheel on the new automobile speedway which parallels Pelham Parkway, Charles Hirsch, a chauffeur, of No. 630 Sutter avenue, Brooklyn, was instantly killed when another heavy touring car driven at a terrific rate, dashed into it between White Plains avenue and the Williamsbridge road about 1 o'clock this morning. On the roadside, watching him make the repairs, were two young women, May and Marion Barnes of No. 49 Lexington avenue, Herman A. Hartnagel of No. 52 Avenue A, John Luber of No. 731 Fifth street and J. C. Freedman of No. 36 West One Hundred and Nineteenth street, who had been Hirsch's passengers.

**SPEEDING CAR WAS GETTING TROUBLE AFTER REPAIRS.**

In the colliding car, which belongs to John R. Gilles of Langdon Islet, South Norwalk, Conn., were, besides the chauffeur, his brother, Charles Vodka, who lives with him at No. 701 East One Hundred and Sixty-sixth street, and Jesse Field of No. 42 East One Hundred and Sixth street. Vodka was giving the car a thorough tryout before bringing it back to Langdon Islet from a garage on One Hundred and Seventh street, Manhattan, where it had been undergoing repairs.

The occupants of the colliding car were thrown out, but none of them was hurt, with the exception of the chauffeur, who escaped with a sprain of the right wrist.

Hirsch and his party had been to City Island and were slowly returning to the city along the new thirty-foot asphalt paved speedway, which has become very popular with auto drivers ever since Edward Henschel's automobile killed Grace Hough on Pelham Parkway and at a point not far distant from the scene of this morning's fatality. Suddenly the rear hind wheel of the touring car dropped off and the car jolted along for several feet before it was brought to a stop. The men in Hirsch's party were for telephoning for an ambulance in which to take the girl home, but Hirsch remonstrated.

Just as he began tinkering with it another touring car bound for City Island appeared. Its headlights illuminating the road for a distance of several hundred feet and revealing Hirsch, stopping under his car. Only the chauffeur was in this car, and when he saw Hirsch at work he pulled up ahead of the disabled machine, and sang out:

"Can I be of any assistance to you?"

**SPEEDING CAR CAME CRASHING OUT OF DARKNESS.**

Hirsch answered: "I don't know; just wait a minute, please," when the east Vodka's car came dashing along at a terrific clip.

Vodka saw the lights of the samaritan car and turned to the right to avoid it. There came a terrific crash and the next instant Hirsch's car had been scooped up and was being carried along the road on top of Vodka's automobile. The women shrieked and fainted, and the men, sick with the horror of the tragedy which had occurred before their very eyes, ran after the colliding car and yelled for it to stop.

Hirsch was under the forward wheels of Vodka's car. His passengers could see his body as it was rolled over and before the wreckage of the automobile came to a standstill. Vodka had just managed to put on the brakes and shut off his engine before he was thrown out. Policeman Rinkelhaup placed Vodka under arrest and took him to the Bathing house station. Later he arraigned him before Magistrate House in the Westchester Police Court, who held him for the action of the coroner, by whom he was held in \$5,000 bail. Vodka, who was in a semi-hysterical state, told the Magistrate that there were no lights in the rear of Hirsch's car, and that the glare of the samaritan car was so brilliant that it blinded him, and he could not see the other car in the roadway. Vodka has a good record. He has been a chauffeur for two years and has never had an accident, nor has he ever been under arrest for speeding.

Hirsch supported himself, his crippled father, his mother, two sisters and a brother, who live in the family home, a second-hand machine which he bought only a few weeks ago with \$400 representing his and his family's savings and the pawnings of rings and other family trinkets. His brother Morris lost a job as billing clerk a week ago, and the only contributor to the family's support is 13-year-old, seventeen-year-old sister, who earns \$5 a week.

**SCHUBERT ACQUITTED.**

Chorus Girl's Charge of Assault Against Him Not Sustained.

Jacob J. Schubert, junior member of the "Independent" theatrical firm of Schubert Brothers, was acquitted this afternoon in Special Sessions of a charge of assault preferred by Peggy Forbes, a former show girl employed at the Winter Garden. Justice Parker, Mayo and Steiner heard the case.

Miss Forbes, who was known in private life as Marie Taylor Barnette before her marriage to a man named Donahue, from whom she has been separated for three years, testified that Mr. Schubert, after introducing her from the company at Madison 25, had struck her on the face last night.

The defendant denied the charge and insisted that Miss Forbes had attempted to assault him with a bat-pin. In this statement he was backed up by several chorus girls who had witnessed the occurrence. He was represented by Max D. Steur.

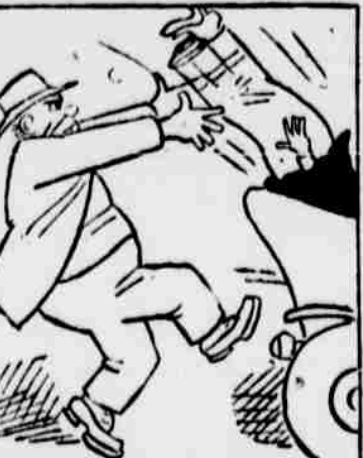
## LASSED LILLIAN;

Or, How One Was Shot Over on the Shooting Showgirl.

Remarkable Story of the Cruel Kidnapping of Fair Miss Graham "Told in Pictures."



"A MAN SUDDENLY THREW A BLACK BAG OVER MY HEAD"



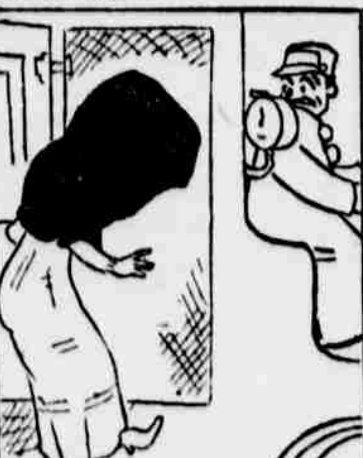
"DUMPED ME INTO AN AUTOMOBILE NEARBY"



"AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS ON A TRAIN"



"I REMEMBER THE CONDUCTOR TOOK ME AND TOLD ME IT WAS THE LAST STOP"



"I GOT INTO A TAXICAB AND WHIRLED TO A HOTEL"

Postscript by the bell boy—"She came alone, handed me her grip, went to the register and signed her name."

"GOOD NIGHT!"

**WOMAN'S HOSE ON MAINE.**

HAVANA, July 26.—All the bones to make up three human skeletons were found on the wreck of the Maine on the starboard deck under the ruins of the conning tower yesterday.

In cleaning the mud from the wardrobe a pair of women's stockings in a state of good preservation was found. It is supposed one of the Maine's officers had bought the stockings in Havana for a present and was exhibiting them to his messmates.

The stockings, probably, have no connection with the story once circulated that the Maine was blown up by a fanatically patriotic Spanish newspaper woman who visited the warship.

## HILLTOPS LOSE FIRST.

NEW YORK.

	H.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.
London, N.Y.	0	2	2	0	0	0
Walter, N.Y.	1	1	1	0	0	0
Hartwell, N.Y.	1	1	1	0	0	0
Crow, N.Y.	2	2	0	0	0	0
Knight, N.Y.	2	4	1	3	0	0
Chase, N.Y.	0	2	12	0	0	0
Johnson, N.Y.	0	0	1	2	0	0
Swann, N.Y.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Vaughan, N.Y.	0	0	0	0	1	0
Blair, N.Y.	0	0	0	0	0	1
Edcock, N.Y.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Caldwell, N.Y.	0	0	0	0	0	0
Williams, N.Y.	0	0	1	1	0	0
Total	5	10	27	9	1	1

ST. LOUIS.

	H.	H.	P.	O.	A.	R.
Shotton, N.Y.	0	2	2	0	0	0
Austin, N.Y.	2	1	0	2	0	0
Schwartz, N.Y.	1	2	3	0	0	0
Laporte, N.Y.	0	2	3	2	0	0
Hopkins, N.Y.	1	0	5	0	0	0
Reichell, N.Y.	0	1	5	1	0	0
Black, N.Y.	0	0	1	3	0	0
Wallace, N.Y.	2	1	1	3	1	0
Hamilton, N.Y.	1	1	1	1	0	0
Nelson, N.Y.	0	0	0	1	0	0
Total	7	10	27	13	3	1

SCORE BY INNINGS.

St. Louis, 0-1 2-0 3-0 0-0-7  
New York, 0-1 0-1 0-1 0-0-4  
Summary: Two-Base Hits—Schwartz, Austin, Three-Base Hits—Schwartz, Shotton, Home Run—Cree, Sacrifice Hits—Reichell, Stolen Bases—Knight, Chase, 1; Hogan, Double—Johnson, Chase, Struck Out—By Hamilton, 1; by Nelson, 1; by Brockert, 1; by Caldwell, 1; by Hamilton, 1; by Brockert, 1; by Nelson, 1; by Caldwell, 1; Time of Game, 2:10. Umpire—Mullin and Perrine.

## MISSING SWAN GIRL IN PHILADELPHIA, SHE WIRES HOME

Father Seeks Her There in Restaurant, Nephew Follows Pompton Lake Clue.

William R. Swan, father of Louise Swan, who has been missing since July 17, hurried to Philadelphia to-day in response to an unsigned telegram received by Mrs. Swan's colored maid. The family believes it was sent by the absent daughter last night. It read:

"Am perfectly safe. Have good position in restaurant here. Do not worry. Please withdraw your offer. I promise to write tomorrow. Look for me so further."

The telegram was forwarded from the Philadelphia main office of the Postal Company at 10:30 o'clock last night and was addressed to Mabel Dillard, the servant. It was delayed in transmission and did not reach Mr. Swan's hands until after 5 A. M. The Philadelphia police and the Postal Company were at once asked to search for the girl.

"I will compare the writing on the telegram blank with Louise's writing when I get to Philadelphia," said Mr. Swan. "I am quite sure Louise sent the message. She addressed it to the maid probably because she thought we were angry at her. She was on most friendly terms with the maid."

Mr. Swan believes his daughter found employment in a Philadelphia restaurant and is unwilling to return home. He said he would force her to come back to her mother in case she is unwilling, because she is not yet of age. He also declared he had no intention of withdrawing the \$1,000 reward he offered yesterday until the girl is back home.

The message came after a promising clue from Pompton Lake, N. J., had been received. A man telephoned to The Evening World from Pompton that a girl, strikingly resembling the missing young woman and giving the name of May Swain had found employment with a family near the railroad station there last Thursday. Persons in Pompton who had seen her were all sure, he said, that the servant was Miss Swan. One of Mr. Swan's nephews left for Pompton on an early train.

The offer of a reward brought dozens of letters from various parts of the country all "positively identifying" the girl. Most of them were instantly discarded.

**THE BEST OF REFERENCES.**

"Why did you leave your last place?" asked Mrs. Hiram Daly of the would-be cook.

"I haven't left me last place," replied the applicant. "I haven't any last place to leave. I've been working for myself for the past year, and I can recommend myself to you very highly."

**OXFORD CLUB.**

DRY GIN DISTILLED IN AMERICA

THE pure American gin which does not have the disagreeable taste that makes most gin unpalatable.

All high-class liquor stores and cafes.

Baird-Daniels Co. Distillers

## CHARLES HIRSCH KILLED BY AUTO ON BRONX SPEEDWAY

Or, How One Was Shot Over on the Shooting Showgirl.



BEULAH BINFORD TELLS HER STORY OF BEATTIE'S LOVE

(Continued from First Page.)

that, while she tried to give him up and forget him amid scenes of apocalyptic fury in Norfolk, Va., she could not. She had to return to Richmond, and once there she yielded to the temptation to exert the full powers of her fascination upon the young man.

This strong motive element taken in connection with the established fact that Paul Beattie, a cousin of the accused husband, bought the weapon with which the crime was committed at the request of his relative, has served to withdraw all popular sympathy from the accused young man. Associate Prosecutor Wendenburg said to-day:

"The evidence in our possession is sufficient. That which we gathered last night would only be cumulative and really isn't necessary."

**WIFE ON FATAL ILLNESS.**

The enormity of the crime, as the prosecution builds it, is aggravated by the fact that Beattie had spent most of his time joy riding with Beulah Binford while his wife was recovering from the illness following the birth of her baby girl.

The couple were married only last August. It was not until the night her husband drove her out to her death that she was sufficiently strong to leave her home. She was still very weak and he had to carry her out to the car.

Somewhere in the car, Prosecutor Wendenburg declares, the shotgun was concealed. The young mother wanted to take her baby with her, but Beattie dissuaded her. The servants in the beautiful Beattie home on the outskirts of Manchester, a suburb of Richmond, heard Henry Beattie address his wife in the most tender terms of endearment. When he set out on the fatal journey he had one arm about his wife's waist and drove the car with the flame from the gun scorched his face.

He was a man of a certain fashion, but it was a corpse that his left arm supported and the automobile was soaked with blood.

It was a startling hysterical story that the young man told to account for the killing.

"We had been in the country as far as Warwick road," he said, "and I was driving about fifteen miles an hour. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

"He yelled at me with an oath and I saw a shotgun in his hand. He raised it and fired. He was so near that the flame from the gun scorched my face. It was very black with trees overhanging the road from both sides. Suddenly I discerned the figure of a man ahead. He was crossing the road and stopped directly in front of the car. I jammed down the brakes and stopped."

and his stained clothing. The gun was found on the following morning at a railroad crossing where it might have bounced out of the car. When the detective located this Paul Beattie had bought the gun for his cousin, the pampered son of the rich Manchester banker and merchant, was arrested and charged with the crime.

Henry Clay Beattie Jr. was one of the most well-known young men living in the vicinity of Richmond. His good looks, his reputation as one of the best trimmers of the section and the lavishly manner in which he had spent money since he was a mere boy had made him popular both in the circles in which his family moved and in another circle where spending money and joy riding in automobiles is the principal occupation and delight.

The story of his earlier infatuation for the golden-haired Beulah Binford had been widely circulated, and it did not require any profound investigation to unearth all the salient facts of this romance. In fact, it was well known that the young man had confided with friends that he had married to rid himself of this tie and that he had planned to settle down and lead a sober married life.

**BEULAH BINFORD TELLS STORY OF THEIR MEETING.**

Furthermore, he seemed to be succeeding admirably in this plan until "the girl with the golden hair and eyes," as some called her, returned to Richmond. He found his way to her again, it is stated, and at first urged her to return to Norfolk, where she had been living since his marriage to Louise Owen. This meeting occurred at a ball game and this is how the girl described it, since she has been a fellow-prisoner with Beattie.

"He seemed to be surprised to find me so much grown up. He did ask me to go away at first, but then he seemed to change his mind and was very kind and affectionate. He gave me presents and I loved him. I never dreamed that he was in earnest when he talked of running away with me. This was later and there was a baby. I could not imagine him leaving his wife and baby for me. It seemed too awful and I thought he was joking. But then I did love him awfully and was never happy when he was away from me. I didn't think much about anything. I guess all the world seemed rushing past me while I was stopping to be happy."

"I suppose that now he is in trouble. You will stick by him?" asked one of the inquirers.

The golden brown eyes flashed with another light that Kipling would tell you unmasked the vampire.

"Am I going to stick by him?" cried the girl as a little snigger went through her. "Stick by him about what?" she exclaimed, while her eyebrows contracted. "I have got to look out for myself."

There was nothing childish about this outbreak, and there has been very little of the childishness in the existence of Beulah Binford for the past three years. Yet her principal occupation since she has been in jail has been playing with Jackstones. She has passed through many moods during her incarceration. For the first twenty-four hours she paced her cell ceaselessly and refused to utter a reply to any question. She became morose and sulky.

It was not until she was confronted with her diaries that she became loquacious. Then she talked with a rapidity that was partly hysterical. She denied much that the diaries contained. Other things she admitted. She had kept a record of all the money and groceries she had received from her father. She had set down all his pet names for her and her pet names for him. She had written her thoughts about the future and there were observations far from childish about the past. The contents of these diaries will not be disclosed by the prosecution until the trial takes place next month.

Telling of her first acquaintance with Henry Clay Beattie Jr., the young girl said:

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me

"I was only thirteen and he sent me